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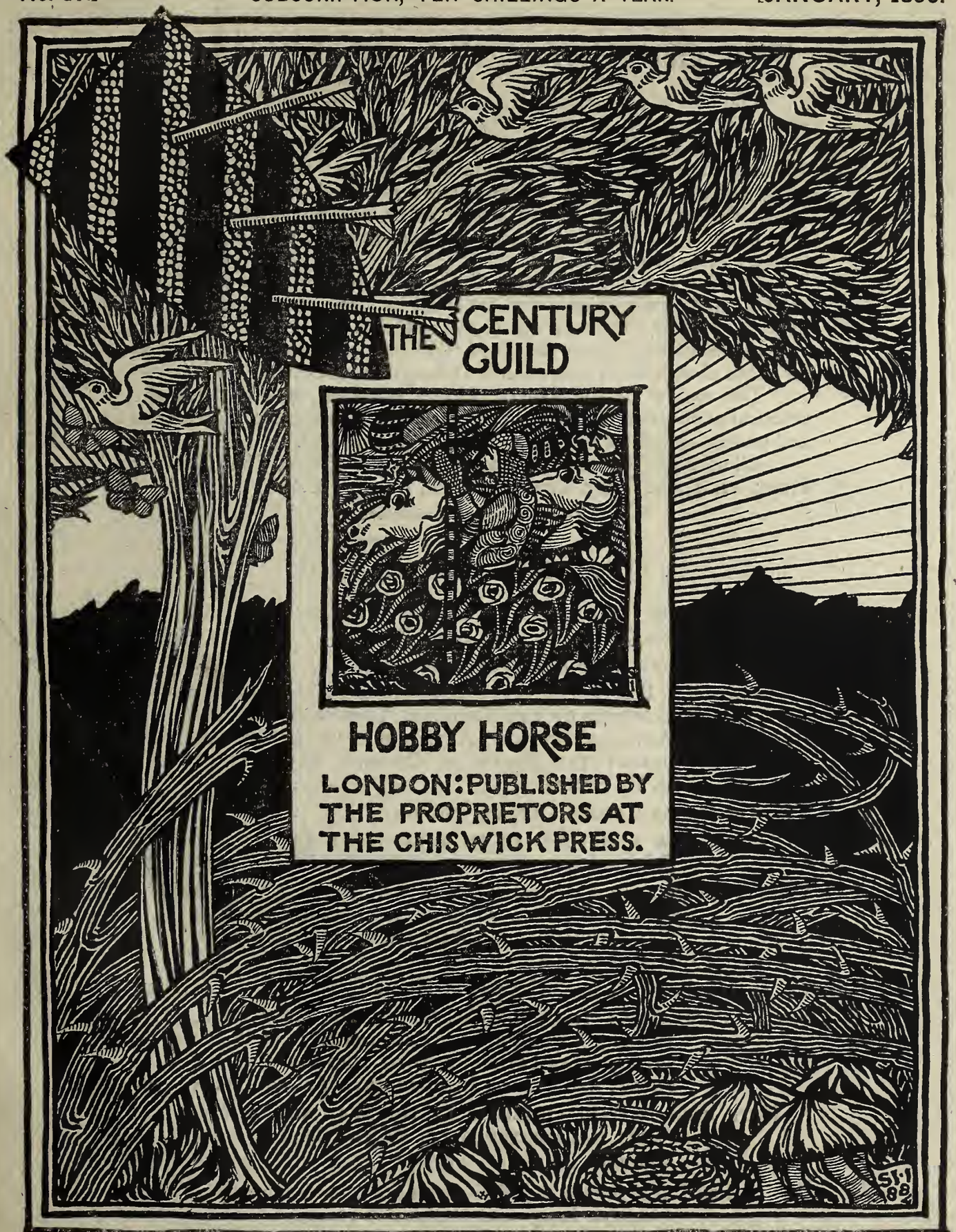

"THE CENTURY GUILD HOBBY HORSE."

The aim of the Century Guild is to render all branches of Art the sphere, no longer of the tradesman, but of the artist. It would restore building, decoration, glass-painting, pottery, wood-carving, and metal-work to their rightful place beside painting and sculpture. By so placing them they would be once more regarded as legitimate and honourable expressions of the artistic spirit, and would stand in their true relation not only to sculpture and painting but to the drama, to music, and to literature.

In other words, the Century Guild seeks to emphasize the *Unity of Art;* and by thus dignifying Art in all its forms, it hopes to make it living, a thing of our own century, and of the people.

In the Hobby Horse, the Guild will provide a means of expression for these aims, and for other serious thoughts about Art.

The matter of the Hobby Horse will deal, chiefly, with the practical application of Art to life: but it will also contain illustrations and poems, as well as literary and biographical essays.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, The Chiswick Press, 21, Tooks Court, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.

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The Initial letters and Tail-pieces are from designs by Selwyn Image and Herbert P. Horne.

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AVE IMPERATRIX.

To thee, to thee, sombre Persephone,
Dread goddess with the sanguine pomegranate
Clasped in pale hands, and slumberous eyes of fate
Forth-gazing o'er unsunned infinity;
We from the whirlpool of life's troubled sea,
Where passion tires and love is quenched by hate,
And cries ascend to scornful heaven too late,
And hope is merged in helpless misery:
Bring this last prayer, Lady of dreams and death;
Pay this last vow, Empress of sleep and hell;
Breathe this last utterance of our spirit's breath;
Hang round thy altar-horns sere waifs and strays
Plucked from the grave of self beloved o'er-well,
And crown thy mute cold shrine with blasted bays.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

THE NATIONAL POSITION OF ART: BEING A PAPER READ AT THE CONGRESS OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF ART, HELD IN EDINBURGH, DURING THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, MDCCCLXXXIX.

It is not easy to say anything new about art; but, having been invited to address by proxy, as my health obliges, an audience, whose purpose in assembling is to consider a subject to which the labour and thought of a long life has been entirely devoted, I cannot refrain from making the attempt.

It is unfortunate for the object of our special interest, that neither the impulse, nor the deep sense of its value, are felt to have any real and natural place as constituents of our national dignity. Art is cared for as an embellishment upon which to spend money, but by no means having the national importance of the Turf.

What I would specially bring to your consideration to-day, is the position which art is worthy to hold amongst us, and hazard a few thoughts upon the ways and means by which we, who desire for it this national position, may endeavour to bring it about.

It is written "man shall not live by bread alone;" and these words are among the great truths, whose widest significance is commonly unperceived.

Art since the beginning, and music from time immemorial, factors in the world's well-being, are more than ever valuable and even necessary in an age, like the present, of social surroundings devoid of outward beauty and nobility; where the workers have little leisure, and in a country where the uncertain climate precludes general habits of out-door recreation.

Of ancient music we know very little, even though the Greek myths and poetry are full of allusions to it; and the earliest records in the world, the sculptures on Egyptian monuments, prove its habitual employment not only in religious ceremonies, but also in enlivening the labours of peasant and artisan. To this day the labourers employed in drawing water from the banks of the Nile, or in loading and unloading vessels plying on its stream, do their work to the

song of ancient days, and the clapping of hands; rhythmically timing the raising, carrying and depositing of their burdens. One understands in looking on such a scene, and listening to the measure and song, the myth that the walls of Thebes rose to the music of Amphion.

But early as the evidence of sensibility to impressions peculiar to man are manifested in music ; his faculty to receive and record objective impressions is evident in previous ages, to which it is impossible to assign any date, as testified by the scratches on bone by the cave dwellers, and is, so far as we know, of all the mental faculties, the very first to be developed. On the score of antiquity, it may therefore lay claim to peculiar veneration, and is proved to be a natural and necessary language in the infancy of ideas.

But its best understood claim is based on its value in an overworked age, as a graceful source of recreation and as an educational factor. Eyes and mind, little inclined to observe and receive pleasure and improvement from natural objects, will often be stimulated by art, to find pleasure in discovering for themselves, the objects in nature that interest them in pictures. Natural objects presented to eyes, that have been delighted by a beautiful representation of them, will henceforth be very different from what they were before the representation gave them peculiar interest. The artist has been to these an interpreter of nature, he has revealed something more than had been previously perceived, and an awakened interest and delight takes the place of the old indifference. This is the pleasant, instructive, and popular use of art, and this alone would be sufficient to place it in an important position ; but in its higher manifestations it has a far greater reach and power, standing, as it does, on the same level with the greatest intellectual efforts of man. Nor can any nation be placed in the first rank, whose history is deficient in this respect. If we know nothing of their art and literature, they have no living interest for us ; they are but names come down to us only as having some connection with those empires, who have an existence through such intellectual legacy: Tyre, and Sidon, and Carthage are nothing but names; Etruria, otherwise a mist, lives with us through some artistic pottery accidentally preserved. The material power of ancient Greece has passed away absolutely and is no more; we read

of it and can realize it, but it is no more actually real than any other recounted conditions, or set of events presented to us by the novelist: we derive nothing from our knowledge of it, and it in no way affects our lives, while the immaterial vitality of the Greek mind, the creations of the Greek imagination, the creations of Homer, of Æschylus, of Sophocles, of Plato, of Phidias, these have still an actual existence for us, and will help to shape our lives for all times. So ephemeral will be the comings and goings of our modern busy life, the buyings and sellings, the price of stocks, and even the setting up and pulling down of kings, and the quarrels of nations; if our mental activity finds expression chiefly in these, our real life ends with the ending of the era: but if, on the contrary, we leave behind us work embodying thoughts of living interest to mankind; till the end of time, an imperishable name is secured to us. That this heritage may not be left by us imperfect from the inarticulateness of art, seems to me the supreme reason for the instituting of this Art Congress.

Art, child of leisure and the sun, has never yet come to its full growth in our cold and cloudy north, never showing itself in the full and gracious developments and beautiful arrangements to be found under more sunny skies, but the sense of it was never wholly absent even here, in mediæval times. A clasp, or the decoration of a dagger's hilt, a thousand common things, testify to a natural taste among the people; the highest expression of which remains with us still, in our old cathedrals, our abbeys, and our castles.

In modern times, there are plenty of artists; but very little art in the nation, as a natural manifestation. If we find in the cottages and houses of our poor, prints from the Graphic and cheap oleographs, we do not find on the part of the artisan or peasant any other attempt to introduce the least trace of what is interesting, because it is beautiful, into his surroundings; not a thing he uses, possesses any grace or beauty or form or colour, and the eye of childhood is consequently never trained unconsciously or naturally to require those charms in after life.

This was not the case in Greece or Italy; every object was supposed to have with its useful, its interesting side. In modern times it has come to be thought, that beauty and utility are not only two different things, but that they are

actually antagonistic; and yet art, to fulfil its mission perfectly, must have a thoroughly natural and domestic expression.

In looking back upon the past, the circumstances in which art has struggled for life, here in these British Isles, may make one hopeful, seeing that it survives at all. No sooner were civil wars at an end, and circumstances had become more favourable to intellectual development, than the unfortunate direction, which religious conviction took, stamped out any artistic sentiment that still existed. All pleasure in beauty was a snare of the Evil One; the melody of church bells was to poor Bunyan a torturing temptation directly from Satan, and to his mind it appeared certain; that were he to indulge himself by pausing a moment under the church tower to listen, God would doubtless have caused it to fall and crush him to atoms, for allowing himself this sinful enjoyment. In Scotland, the earnest character of the people caused them, at a stirring time of strong revulsion of feeling, to prefer the doctrine of Calvin to that of Luther, who by no means rejected beauty and joy as evidence of the Creator's power and an indication of His spirit, Calvin accepting a God to be dreaded rather than loved, the fierce and jealous deity of the Hebrews, the teaching of the Old rather than the New Testament. Actually condemning all the Creator's work of which we have absolute knowledge, they did not think it possible to look " from nature up to nature's God," but rather believed they were recommending themselves to the Creator by regarding His most evident manifestations as abominations. Many a healthy pastime like the song or dance on the village green was killed by the chilling influence of these serious, but mistaken views, blind to the significance of the teaching contained in the words: " Man shall not live by bread alone." What wonder is it now, when one thinks of the joyless leisure of our working men, that drunkenness has become our national sin. Never was a time when art and music were more required, healthful influences and necessary portions of that general education in which alone there is hope. But the modern mind awakening to the sense of the value of beauty and joy, is confronted by the new enemy to art, the progress of invention bringing mechanical aid more and more into use, and usurping more and more the place of the skilled workman's eye and hand. Machinery

is the most deadly foe to Art and Beauty, because it is ever in active opposition to the sense of life that should be appreciable in all human productions. This reflex of Nature, this something that has in it a sentiment of being, and heart, and conscience, is never absent from hand work, however rude, and is never found in machine work, however perfect.

Earnest attention to what belongs to the human and artistic qualities of any work and the careful cultivation of all such, become a matter of peculiar importance, and considering the question from a sufficient elevation to obtain a clear view of the whole, practical minds will come to see how completely Art is bound up with all our material interests. To preserve the human element in work, for the sake of work alone, is therefore worth a great effort, for the sake of the workmen it is worth a still greater; and if by these meetings the minds of those, who are in power in our commercial world, the heads of firms, often themselves men of culture, lovers and collectors of art, can be awakened to the inestimable worth of encouraging their workmen to be artistic, by all possible means in their power, they will be rendering their country as splendid and far-reaching a service, as the poets or philosophers of the day.

With them the responsibility rests, whether this giant monster machinery is to be slave or master; whether man, its creator, understands the dignity of labour, or whether intelligent and sentient beings are to be ground down to the level of machines. The proportion of things is seldom kept in view. In the haste to be rich, the very man perhaps, who finds his most refreshing leisure within the walls of his private picture gallery, is in his daily work assisting to extinguish the life of this very Art of which he believes himself to be so devout a lover; turning his workmen into machines, and pouring hideous and badly made articles out upon the world, every one of which weighs in the scale against the chances of a national life for art, as it does against national reputation.

Some few minds in these last years, let us gratefully acknowledge, have awakened to the importance of this fact; and the furniture within many of our homes, and the pleasant and picturesque aspect of them without, witness to these efforts; but to these let it be said, your beautiful things are still only

for the rich. Is it asking you too much to give this cheer to the cottage, where it is of really far greater importance? Cannot inexpensive things also be of noble design, the beauty of utility, solidity, and simplicity, in the commonest cottage furniture, in pots and pans and crockery?

Considering the want of congenial environment, we may indeed wonder that art lives with us at all; that it does so, proves it to be a natural and necessary expression latent in man. Almost every child makes some endeavour to draw when a pencil is put into his hand, but with us the innate sense is not very strong, and in our dull climate it must have the fostering and cultivation, not needed where it was the outcome of the national character.

Academies and Art Institutions can no more create artists, than colleges can create poets; they can afford the necessary education to develop the natural gift, and are performing very important functions when they provide favouring conditions for the indigenous plant; but for anything hopeful of great things, the plant must be indigenous growing from a root of its own, not a graft. There is a fashion and dilettante interest felt in art, that would alone prevent the extinction of it, but this is not exactly what is wanted, and out of it much that is regrettable and even disastrous accrues. Every artist must know of constant appeals for aid, distressing to make and to receive. Disappointment and its consequences are more common in the profession of art than in any other profession. It is to be feared that not a little of this is to be traced back in the first place, to what would appear to be so advantageous to art, art schools and exhibitions; and, secondly, to the art loving public, who, accustomed to see art only upon the walls of transitory exhibitions of pictures, has forgotten that there is anything but picture making to be required of the artist. In these days of competition for a livelihood, the misleading fashion of a number of people, who visit these exhibitions for amusement, and this one-sided encouragement from genuine art lovers and patrons, has naturally called into existence an army of artists, all of whom cannot be sufficiently gifted for creating great works of art in painting, or in sculpture; but many of whom would be of inestimable value were their gifts applied to decoration or design, for which, alas! there is now no demand. If, on the other hand, those

rich enough to encourage art, and cultivated enough to reverence it for its divine use in elevating, refining and instructing, would but awake to the fact, that picture buying is not all that is needed for the encouragement of art amongst us; that if they truly love it, their care must be to develop its fullest and freest expression; then the ugly façade of the rich man's house would become a thing of beauty and a joy to the poor passer-by: and when the inside and the outside of the dwelling became delightful to good taste, the possessor might come to perceive, that simplicity and utility in his clothing, need not imply that it should be utterly ignoble in its character.

This need not tend to luxury; there is a refined simplicity and reticence in all that is perfectly beautiful, which is incompatible with vulgar display, though not with splendour or magnificence in their place. While Mammon, the deity of the age, more cruel than Moloch, cold and unlovely, with no dignity or magnificence, the meanest of the powers to whom incense has ever been offered, sits supreme; great Art, as a child of the nation, cannot find a place; the seat is not wide enough for both.

Still further, in addressing the lovers of art, I would beg them to recognize the immense and valuable help they can give, by the encouragement of all such work as tends to teach our working classes to love and honour it. In the activity of the Home Arts Association, the Handicrafts Guilds, and our now annual Arts and Crafts Exhibition in London, there is ample scope for their aid in a direction of most vital importance, revivifying the natural artistic instincts of the British people. That these are only latent the Home Arts Association has given ample proof; so ready a response has this band of voluntary teachers met with from the peasant and artisan, wherever their classes have been instituted. Sprung from the work of one lady, whose love of the beautiful had led her to share it with a poor crippled boy, teaching him to carve beautifully, instead of doing the ugly work she had found in his hand, the boys of all the village round came to her, asking to be taught too. From that one class quickly established, the association has grown to number 450 classes in England, Scotland, and Ireland, with a working centre at the Albert Hall in London, where the

annual exhibition of the outcome is more eloquent than any words, in proclaiming its genuine worth, and the hold it is taking upon our people. In the activity of this work, we have what is really needed to revivify such naturally artistic faculty as may exist with us; this natural faculty awakened in the masses, cultivation, arising from acquaintance with what has been done by the divinely gifted, under favouring conditions, may give us an art, which shall truly express and illustrate all that is peculiar and best in our modern life.

As it is now, it is, perhaps, scarcely to be wondered at, if the British School of Art, as a school, does not illustrate or reflect the strength and vitality of the best modern thought, as it undoubtedly should.

In Greek art of the age of Pericles, we see the Greek nation, the splendour of success, the rejoicing in victory, the love of beauty, the enjoyment of leisure after effort. The Chryselephantine Statues symbolized reliance on their own qualities, embodied in the forms of Pallas Athene, and Zeus. In nothing was Greece greater than in its art.

In the Middle Ages, art in like manner reflected the spirit of the time. In Tuscany, a long line from Cimabue to Michael Angelo worthily embodied the greatness and serious dignity of the church. In Venice the magnificence of the Republic was as splendidly upheld by the school culminating in Titian and Tintoretto, and should nothing of the history of these epochs be left for future ages but these artistic remains, the characteristics of the people might very exactly be evolved by the philosophical investigator.

But in the British School of Art, I fear there would be little to assist the student in understanding the mind of the nineteenth century. In enterprise, in arms, in poetry, in worthy and high aims, the British nation can claim a dignified place among the most dignified. Can as much be said of the distinctive character of her school? Individual names will start into memory and to these, time will do justice, but I cannot think the School displays efforts worthy of the mental activity of our time.

The ever increasing sense of justice, the almost entirely modern development of sympathy, the desire to cast off hypocritical disguises at all costs, and the effort after truth in all things, is not evident in our art as a School.

For the professor of art is not called upon by the State to record the widely reaching influence of the British nation; of its greatness no splendid reflex is required from his hand. True, he is asked to portray the nation's heroes, its prophets and its poets; but he is not himself asked to speak in stirring language, or stand among the leaders of thought as one of them, and point towards the light of progress to which all the earnest-minded of to-day are pressing.

We want more intellectual demand made upon our artists.

Art is a language both spiritual and intellectual, if it lives now at all, it must live chiefly by its claim to this. Each advance of mechanical skill cheapens the art which is mere realism.

When the nation understands that its art is inextricably bound up with all its material prosperity, its spiritual life and intellectual vigour, then, and only then, will Britain boast an Art, that will live in future ages by the side of her great and noble literature.

G. F. Watts.

TWO CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

I. Archangelorum Laudes.

Tres. Hail to our brother Gabriel!
Now we, thy brothers, Michael,
And Raphael,
And Uriel,
Hail thee, come home from Israel.

Gabriel. I saw among the lilies dwell
Mary, our Queen: who pleaseth well
The Spirit of our God. *All hail,*
Mary, our Queen! sing, thou in mail,
Lord Michael! Sing, Uriel, thou,
Clothed with the sun upon thy brow!
And sing thou, *Hail!* whose pilgrims now
Shall climb the glad ways out of Hell,
Joy of poor pilgrims, Raphael!

Michael. I, Captain of the Lord God's Host,
Give glory to the Holy Ghost:
And give to Mary, loved of Him.

Uriel. I, brightest of bright Cherubim,
Give thanks to Mary: and to Him,
That Holy Child, Who shall be born,
King Jesus Christ, on Christmas morn.

Raphael. I, Prince of burning Seraphim,
Give praise, give praise, to Mary Queen:
With whom the Grace of God hath been.

Omnes. Now play through Heaven the Angel bell:
Make music of the Angelus!
The King is come, to Israel:
The Queen of Heaven is found, for us.

II. Hominum Laudes.

Christ, hath Christ's Mother
Dicamus! canamus!
Borne, our dear Brother,
Canamus! dicamus!
In the stalls of Bethlehem.
Then leave we all Jerusalem,
To kiss the King of Bethlehem:
Cui vocibus gaudentibus
Dicamus: canamus:
Gloriam!

Come from the City!
Dicamus! canamus!
God hath had pity
Canamus! dicamus!
On His people Israel.
And pity will He have, as well,
On Gentiles beyond Israel:
Nunc vocibus gaudentibus
Dicamus: canamus:
Gloriam!

Snows the land cover:
Dicamus! canamus!
Lo! comes our Lover;
Canamus! dicamus!
Comes a glory, comes a light:
Gold on snow, and gold on night;
Glory from the Light of Light!
Quin vocibus gaudentibus
Dicamus: canamus:
Gloriam!

Laud in the Highest!
Dicamus! canamus!
Now, Death! thou diest:
Canamus! dicamus!

Now God goeth to His grave,
Us dead, and dying, men to save;
And bring the captives from the grave.
Quo vocibus gaudentibus
Dicamus: canamus:
Gloriam!

Praise to the Father!
Dicamus! canamus!
Now will He gather
Canamus! dicamus!
Us, His helpless little ones,
From endless Death's dominions;
Us, God our Father's little ones:
Cui vocibus gaudentibus
Dicamus: canamus:
Gloriam!

Praise to Son Jesus!
Dicamus! canamus!
Him, Whose Cross frees us,
Canamus! dicamus!
From the cruel hand of sin.
Now first to Him our songs begin,
Since now our hearts have done with sin.
Sic vocibus gaudentibus
Dicamus: canamus:
Gloriam!

Praise Mary Mother!
Dicamus! canamus!
Mary, none other,
Canamus! dicamus!
Welcome might the Holy Ghost:
Because her heart was pure the most.
Now praise be to the Holy Ghost!
Cui vocibus gaudentibus
Dicamus: canamus:
Gloriam!

Praise, praise, and praises,
Dicamus! canamus!
Earth with Heaven raises,
Canamus! dicamus!
To the glorious Trinity.
Sons of new morning, mingle we,
With morning stars, our melody:
Et vocibus gaudentibus
Dicamus: canamus:
Gloriam!

LIONEL JOHNSON.

A DESIGN FOR A BORDER, TO BE EMBROIDERED IN OUTLINE. SELWYN IMAGE.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT THAT "MOVEMENT," WHICH IT IS THE PRESENT FASHION, TO DESCRIBE TOO ABSOLUTELY AS "THE RENAISSANCE", AND TO ADMIRE INORDINATELY.

The Renaissance, in the popular meaning of this vague but most fashionable word, is often prescribed to us now, as an object in itself worthy of our continual regard: and, in addition to its own peculiar and somewhat morbid interest, the subject has been illustrated, of late years, by two authors, who deserve the highest praise, for the learning, for the elegance, and for the ingenuity, with which, in an unscholarly Age, they have adorned a most scholarly period. But it is not my design, to review the works of Mr. Symonds or of Mr. Pater; alluring and seductive though it always be, to dwell upon one or other quality of theirs; I wish, rather, to discuss the propriety of the term "Renaissance." The thing came to us out of Italy; but we have borrowed the term from France: so objectionable, and so vicious, is the too common habit of larding native sentences with French, as though our mother tongue were barren, that a scrupulous writer should look doubtfully at any word, just because it is foreign; but this term has been admitted for a number of years, and it would seem not possible to light upon a better. There has been, indeed, an attempt to make use of the term "Renascence:" an ugly term, which has all the vices of the original, as well as the more heinous crime of being novel and pedantic; for, when a language has come to be as old as English, novelty is in itself one of those deadly sins, which, like political enormities, are only to be condoned, by necessity, by prescription, or by success: I believe, that Mr. Matthew Arnold first coined the unhappy phrase; and it is true, he patronized it; but, in this despotic reign of pedantry, it is not hard to indulge an author, who is convicted of but one ugly transformation of an established and familiar word. So we may concede, that the term "Renaissance" has become genuine English; although the careful scholar will not find it, where he should always begin to search, in our supreme and classical authority; the word is not in Johnson: but, if any scholar has the bad habit to frequent

Webster, he will be told; for pronunciation, "rŭh-nā'-sŏngs"; for meaning, "A renewal; hence a style of decorative "art freer than the antique, but resulting therefrom, revived "by Raphael in the pontificate of Leo X., as the result of "the exhuming of certain ancient paintings."

This ill-written account has more errors than words; and it is founded, I imagine, upon that protestant and insular conception of the Renaissance, which is, at least, precise; and which may be stated, thus: The Roman Empire of the West vanished, suddenly and completely, in four-hundred-and-seventy-six. Then the "Dark Ages" began, and they lasted until fourteen-hundred-and-fifty-three; in that year, the Turks won Constantinople, and Byzantine refugees filled Europe with Grecian manuscripts. Through these, a knowledge of the Greek language was recovered, and Grecian views of art and of life were disseminated; the Popish hierarchy opposed the new learning, with all its influence, and clung to the schoolmen and to their dog latin: but, about this time, Printing, and America, and the Solar System, and the Divine Jewel of Protestantism, were all discovered; the new learning was victorious; and hence, the Renaissance. This theory is precise enough; but, if I may borrow Mr. Arnold's epigram, it is "precisely wrong." In the first place, the Barbarian, who destroyed the Roman Empire, was not Attila but Napoleon: the jurisprudence of the Empire, its outward forms, and its traditions of order and of civility, were all preserved against the barbarian attacks; thanks to the Roman Pontiffs, and to them alone, they were preserved: by the Papal authority, through the organization of the Roman Church and through the zeal of the Benedictine Order, they were communicated to the new masters of Europe; and, on all sides, we find mere pirates and foragers growing into ordered commonwealths; thanks to the Roman Pontiffs, and to them alone, these inestimable gifts were communicated: the traditions and the civility, which were thus preserved and thus communicated, and the political societies formed upon them, were gradually developed into that imposing confederation, which is known to history, as the Holy Roman Empire; the nations of mediaeval Europe had a common centre of political unity, as they had a common bond of religious faith, in the Apostolic Throne. Under this vene-

rable and majestic reign of law, Europe was nourished, at least in theory, for longer than a thousand years: the Holy Empire came into being, as a spiritual power, under Saint Leo the Great, whose immediate successors undertook the cares and the burdens of the degenerate, of the absent, or of the vanished Cæsars; the outward and visible forms of the Holy Empire were made to correspond with its inward and spiritual realities, when Leo III. appointed Charlemagne to be the administrator of its temporal and mundane affairs; and this political order, with no change in its essential traditions and with no breach in its external forms, endured, though in a lamentable decadence, until the abdication of Francis II., in eighteen-hundred-and-six. The reign of law was disestablished, by Napoleon; to be succeeded by the reign of force: and since then, the nations of Europe have become ever more and more a trembling horde of armed and hostile garrisons; whose mutual suspicions are an ignoble guarantee for peace, but whose ruinous and intolerable armaments lure them continually to the brink of war.

"It is not in the power, even of God, to make a polite "soldier;" says Hume, quoting Menander: Menander knew little of God; and nothing, of the Age of Chivalry; and Hume is in a more pitiable case: but, without being as dogmatic as they are, we may at least admit, since "the Age of Chivalry "is gone," that our present military condition is hazardous, and that to meditate upon it is neither comfortable nor reassuring. Dr. Johnson, with his practical good sense, has decided, that men "become beasts," that is become drunk, "to forget that they are men"; and it is upon the same principle, I often suspect, that men become antiquaries or historians; their desire is to console themselves, by forgetting "the present," and the future: it is for this reason, that histories, notwithstanding the dulness of so many, are eternally fascinating; and the most eloquent and fascinating of historians, in whom there is no dulness, has written "The Decline and Fall of The Roman Empire." But Gibbon, who so fully shared the prepossessions of his Age, was, in fact, the worst imaginable historian of the more important aspects of his theme: from the Antonines to the Age of Leo X., it is clear, that Gibbon saw nothing, except a decline and a fall; the causes of which, he fails to understand; and the recovery

from which, he makes no effort to explain; but this negative aspect, he has made immortal. What Gibbon has either neglected, or has grossly satirized, are the constructive and most valuable elements of this long and interesting period: to do justice to these, we require a more noble and a greater Gibbon, who shall devote his life to "The Rise and Progress of The Holy Roman Empire;" an history, which must extend from Saint Leo the Great, the father of the mediaeval world, to the abdication of Charles V.; that is, we desire an worthy and a monumental history of the Holy Church, Catholic and Roman; or, in equivalent words, an history of human progress; from the Council of Chalcedon to the Council of Trent.

When that history, of a long thousand years, comes to be fairly and luminously written, it will dispel, upon the one hand, the last lingering but suspected myths about the "Dark Ages;" and, upon the other, it will do away with that false sharp contrast, hardly suspected as yet, which has been so confidently established between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance: for the "Dark Ages," unlike the "Ages of Faith," are an elusive and a phantasmal time, which genuine history cannot ever seize; the more patiently a student endeavours to follow the Renaissance, the farther back is he compelled to recognise it: for my own part, I am suspicious even of the widest view; because the very notion of a Renaissance, as that notion is usually held, seems to me presumptuous and unhistorical.

The Empire, we are told, was overthrown by an horde of lewd and greedy Germans; and the old civilization was utterly destroyed. I agree entirely, about the Germans; indeed, it might plausibly be maintained, that some of them are rude and greedy still: but the Empire was not destroyed; the supremacy in it was merely transferred from Romans to Barbarians, and the conquered Latins began at once to try and civilize their masters. The process occupied many centuries; but the progress was not slow, if we consider the materials: I have never been able to meet with any Age, when this process was not in action; and therefore I describe the popular view of the Renaissance as unhistorical and presumptuous. The forms and the traditions of the Empire were at once adopted by the barbarian chiefs, in Italy; and the treasures of Latin civilization were communicated to the

more distant provinces, by Papal charity and Benedictine zeal. The Roman Church, the larger cities of Gaul, and whole districts in south Italy, never lost the classical tradition: the majesty of Rome was impressed upon the first barbarian conquerors; from the imperial court, they borrowed their style and their titles, the ensigns of their state, the designation of their officials, the wording of their documents. The tradition of the Empire appears in the earliest schemes of mediaeval government: through the Roman Law, and through the Roman Church, the classical tradition became the mother of literature and of the arts; and thus, though modified by the Church, it created mediaeval society, and was the basis upon which the whole civil order was founded and preserved.

There can be no dispute about the facts: the only doubt lies in applying them; that is, can any period be named, in which the classical traditions were not a living influence? Let us turn, for a moment, to that Age in which the mediaeval world was being formed, to the first Age of the barbarian conquest; in which it was once imagined, that all civility perished: Theodoric, in the fifth century, had conquered Italy; and, says a modern writer, "he strove only to "preserve and strengthen the ancient polity of Rome, to "breathe into her decaying institutions the spirit of a fresh "life; he issued equal laws for Roman and Goth. Jurispru- "dence and administration remained in native hands: two "annual Consuls, one named by Theodoric, the other by the "Eastern monarch, presented an image of the ancient state; "agriculture and the arts revived in the provinces; the study "of letters revived, the gleam of classical literature gilds the "reign of the barbarian." Gibbon tells us, that Theodoric celebrated the public games in Rome, that he repaired the aqueducts, that he distributed the old allowances of corn. "The Gothic Kings, so injuriously accused of the ruin of "antiquity, were anxious to preserve the monuments of the "nation they had subdued. The royal edicts were framed "to prevent the abuse, the neglect, or the depredations of the "citizens themselves; and a professed architect, the annual "sum of two-hundred pounds of gold, twenty-five-thousand "tiles, and the receipt of customs from the Lucrine port, "were assigned for the ordinary repair of the walls and public

" edifices. A similar care was extended to the statues of " metal or marble, of men or animals." A French writer observed, " La hiérarchie des titres, des offices et des magis- " tratures conserva son prestige, les lois reprirent leurs " forces. Ce chef de bandes germaniques, qui ne savait " signer son nom qu'à l'aide d'une lame d'or percée a jour, " s'honorait pourtant de porter la pourpre, donnait une legis- " lation toute romaine à ses guerriers désarmés, s'entourait de " secrétaires, de questeurs et de comtes, et s'entretenait avec " eux des maximes des philosophes, des cours des étoiles, de la " nature des fleuves et des mers. Rome lui prêtait ses " auspices, et il semblait, devançant de trois siècles l'oeuvre de " Charlemagne, mediter un nouvel empire d'occident. Une " alliance générale se formait entre les nations germaniques " sous la patronage de cette race des Goths, qui couvrait " alors les plus heureuses contrées de l'Europe; elle-même " se poliçait au commerce des moeurs et de sciences latines : " elle parlait une langue admirable." So far, then, for the permanence of Roman traditions, in the sphere of politics; and we may proceed to trace them now, in the domain of literature and of thought.

In the household of Theodoric, were two men, whose works made a profound impression upon the Middle Age; these were Boethius and Cassiodorus. Boethius was a statesman and a student: in his outward life, he resembled a Roman Senator of old; but his mind was given to religion, and to philosophy. He " employed eighteen laborious years in " the schools of Athens. The geometry of Euclid, the " music of Pythagoras, the arithmetic of Nicomachus, the " mechanics of Archimedes, the astronomy of Ptolemy, the " theology of Plato, the logic of Aristotle, with the commen- " tary of Porphyry, were translated and illustrated by the " indefatigable pen of the Roman senator." From a section of his Porphyry, says our French author, " devait sortir un " jour, avec la querelle des réalistes et des nominaux, toute " la philosophie scholastique:" and, he continues, " d'un " autre côté, son 'Traité de la Consolation,' destiné à une " popularité immense au moyen âge, traduit de bonne heure " dans toutes les langues, y devait introduire les idées platoni- " ciennes, régénérées par le mysticism chrétien." " Cassiodore " remplit une autre destinée : il se tint plus près des Barbares,

" plus près de l'avenir. On le rencontre à la cour des conqué-
" rants; toujours usant de leur pouvoir pour sauver ce qui
" reste de lumières. Par lui le sénat reçoit l'ordre de rétablir
" le salaire public des grammariens et des rhéteurs. Au
" milieu des guerres de Bélisaire et de Totila, il emporta les
" pénates latins sous un toit chrétien; il alla fonder un
" monastère dans sa retraite de Vivaria, l'enrichit de livres, et
" le peupla de moines laborieux, copistes, traducteurs, com-
" pilateurs. Lui-même donnait l'example; et, après avoir
" tracé pour eux, dans ses ' Institutions divines et humaines,'
" l'encyclopédie du savoir contemporain, il songea à la pos-
" térité moins heureuse, qui allait venir; et, a l'âge de quatre-
" vingt-treize ans, il écrivit encore un traité d'orthographe."
To the same Age of Theodoric, we may trace the beginnings of Gothic art; "the image of his palace at Verona, still " extant on a coin, represents the oldest and most authentic " model of Gothic architecture:" and, indeed, the art of the early Middle Age came directly from the art of the Lower Empires; there is no gulph between them, in time; no difference, in style; they are conterminous, continuous, and similar. To prove this, examine the coins and the medals of the late Roman Emperors, and of their first barbarian successors; there is no difference between them: or look at the costumes, the jewellery, the monuments, of the sixth and of the seventh centuries; think how their styles of architecture mingle; how nice is the distinction between the modes, which we choose to describe, as Byzantine, as Romanesque, as Lombard: who shall say, where the classical world ends, and where the mediaeval world begins?

To these happy conquests of the conquerors, there succeeded the empire of Justinian; with new barbarian invasions, with long wars of Belisarius and of Narses: in spite of their heroic efforts, there came at last the miserable dominion of the Lombards. The rule of Justinian was glorious, but his empire did not survive him; yet, in his "Institutions of the Roman Law," he bequeathed to the Middle Age a legacy, which was fruitful and permanent, in its effects upon literature and upon society. But, before the Middle Age could enter upon its humanizing task, civility was again imperilled through barbarian attacks: it was preserved by the Papacy, and by Monasticism; supported by these two institutions,

the Italian genius was able to resist the storm. When the times were at their worst, Saint Benedict founded his abbey at Monte Cassino, and composed the Benedictine Rule. " Elle était humble et courte; mais elle embrassait le travail, " qui subjugue la terre; la prière, qui est maitresse du ciel; " la charité, qui conquiert les hommes: elle rendait ainsi à " l'humanité l'empire de soi-même et de toutes choses. La " règle pourvoyait à l'entretien d'une bibliothèque conven- " tuelle: bientôt l'usage y joignit les fonctions de l'enseigne- " ment. Les chartes déposées dans les archives devinrent les " jalons des premières chroniques. Les légendes des saints y " jetèrent les reflets d'une poésie nouvelle. Dès la seconde " génération, le mont Cassin avait son histoire. Ainsi le feu " sacré des lettres s'entretenait sous la garde de l'austère vir- " ginité du cloître. Quoi d'étonnant si les moines conservèrent " l'antiquité? ils étaient l'antiquité même. Ils en avaient " la langue, le costume, la forme des habitations. C'étaient " ces hommes qui devaient renouveler l'Europe par la foi, " par la science, par le défrichement du sol." Relying upon these auxiliaries, and framed himself upon the Benedictine rule, Saint Gregory the Great provided for the civilization of many countries in Europe; and, among other countries, for our own. In the year five-hundred-and-ninety-seven, Saint Augustine came into England; and with him, returned not only the christianity of Rome, but all those classical traditions, of which the Roman Church was the guardian and the disposer: within a few years after his arrival, the first code of English law was written: the diocesan arrangements of the Church were models for the secular organization of the several Kingdoms; her provincial councils, in which the Bishops of all the Kingdoms met, were the first representative assemblies of an united England. The monasteries not only reclaimed waste places, and improved the cultivation of the soil; but they brought learning with them, and libraries; and in many cases, they were the founders of our modern towns. Theodore of Tarsus, the seventh Archbishop of Canterbury, himself a Greek, was versed in Grecian and in Roman literature; and was master of all the knowledge of his day. Books were not more eagerly sought, nor more highly prized, by the later Humanists, than by the enthusiastic scholars of these " Dark Ages ": great journeys were made, in search of books; great

prices, given for them; a Northumbrian Prince gave eight hides of land, a respectable estate, for a scientific work: Alcuin, a scholar of an European fame, has left a catalogue of the books at York; it embraces "the names of most among " the Greek and Roman writers, who had distinguished them- " selves either in profane or sacred literature." Nor were the niceties of style forgotten: Aldhelm, Abbot of Malmesbury and Bishop of Sherborne, in the seventh century wrote Latin prose and verse with all the ardour of a Saint, and with all the pedantry of an Humanist; from all parts of Europe, scholars corresponded with him, and submitted their manuscripts to his revision and approval. How many people know, that Saint Dunstan wrung the Devil's nose with hot pincers; how few know Saint Dunstan as a great statesman, an ecclesiastical reformer, a musician, a skilful goldsmith, an accomplished man of letters; and fewer know him, probably, as an artist in style, very curious about the elegance and the purity of his Latin: more curious, than pertinent and happy; but I desire only to record his interest in these points of scholarship: though I will add, in passing, that a charter, of which Dunstan says "Ego Dunstanus Abbas composui " et propriis digitorum articulis perscripsi," he signs merely with a cross; "a proof, that such crosses were not exclusively, " as some have pretended, marks made by those who could " not write." Saint Bede is more widely known, as a scholar; but, perhaps, few of those, to whom his name is familiar, have realized his deep learning, the amount of his works, or the great number of subjects, which they embrace. And Saint Bede's monastery, at Jarrow, will serve to connect English art with the remains of classical antiquity: its founder, Saint Bennet Biscop, went often into Italy, for his materials and for his artists; his glass, his mosaics, his paintings, and his architecture, were justly celebrated, as fine achievements, and as models. In the seventh century, we find a King of Northumbria using the symbols of imperial state, aping Caesar, styling himself Βασιλεύς of Britain; a name, which makes Professor Freeman tingle with pedantic emotion. " Even " the women caught the general enthusiasm: seminaries of " learning were established in their convents: they conversed " with their absent friends in the language of ancient Rome; " and frequently exchanged the labours of the distaff and

" the needle, for the more pleasing and more elegant beauties " of the Latin Poets." Thus in art, in literature, in politics, we find that the classical traditions were flourishing; even in distant England, and in those dim centuries before the Norman conquest. And yet the Middle Ages are accused of " blank *ennui* "; of savage asceticism; of having no care for the body, or for the beauty of the world; of being narrow, and ignorant, and incomplete. Not one of these charges will bear a minute examination: the Middle Ages had an art, which was original, and beautiful, and rich, and free; that alone would prove, how absurd these charges are. The asceticism of the Middle Age bears witness to the protest of its finer spirits against the opposite excess, and to their reaction from it: that there was this huge excess, it is quite easy to prove; for in all its tastes and pursuits, whether for the concerns of this world or of the next, the Middle Age was full of vigour and of invention. Bishop Stubbs, who knows it well, defines it as " a race for wealth: " mediaeval fashions in dress are bewildering in their variety and their luxuriance; the institutions of chivalry prove, that mediaeval gentlemen and ladies were quite aware of the value, of the beauty, and of the uses, of the human form: the grotesques upon a myriad of gargoyles and misereres witness to the exuberance, and to the freedom, of mediaeval imaginations; and so do the remains of their songs, of their poems, and of their romances. No doubt the Middle Age had its faults; but the most untenable charge, to bring against it, is the charge of " blank *ennui*."

I have shown, I hope, that the Middle Ages were founded upon the traditions of the past, out of which they came; and that, even from the beginning, they moulded themselves deliberately upon these classical traditions. I am always amazed at the courage and at the completeness, with which the mediaeval Church accepted the whole tradition of her past:

" Dies irae, Dies illa
" Solvet saeclum in favilla
" Teste David cum Sibylla "

she was not afraid to sing: and surely her confession is the same, in art; the greatest work of Michael Angelo is a magnificent commentary upon this verse of the " Dies Irae ":

and literature brings us to the same conclusion; the whole work of Dante; who, above all other men, may stand as the representative of the Middle Age; proves how completely, and with what perfect harmony and balance, he had possessed himself of all the various traditions of the past. For it always seems to me, as I look back upon the Middle Age, and as I ponder the confusions of our own time, that there is a deep truth in the opening words of the Epistle to the Hebrews; "Multifariam, multisque modis, olim Deus "loquens patribus": Human society has moved along many lines; Hebrew seers, Greek artists and philosophers, Alexandrian divines, Roman statesmen and theologians, have all contributed to that venerable tradition, out of which the past has come to us. Whether we like it or no, we have been formed by the past as they made it, and by nothing else; and our future must be attained, not by ignoring the past and by fighting against it, but by contributing our share to develope it harmoniously and in the most perfect way. The greatness of the Middle Age is due to its complete and harmonious development from its past: but the Humanists rejected the Middle Age, with scorn; and in doing that, they rejected a large portion of what had inspired the Middle Age, and would have inspired themselves. They endeavoured to form themselves, with violence one may assert, upon a single element in our past, upon the Greek element: they did not go even to the finest things in that, for their inspiration; they apprehended only one aspect of it, the aspect of beauty, as they thought; nor did they always succeed with this, finely or beautifully, for "le beau en tout est toujours sévère."

And there is another reason, why I would urge against the Humanists, and against their successors of the eighteenth century, those charges of narrowness and of incompleteness, which they have brought against the Middle Ages. The needs of humanity are various: Mr. Arnold has defined them; the need of conduct, which is more important than all the rest; the need of beauty; the need of intellect and of knowledge; the need of social life and manners. An harmonious perfection requires, that all these needs be fairly satisfied; the neglect of any one of them is disastrous, to the individual, or to the Age, which neglects them: the Humanist Ages were scandalously deficient in all that we imply by the "need of

conduct"; and therefore I believe, that the great figures of the Middle Age are, for this reason too, more complete and more valuable human beings than any of the Humanists. How superior to his mere Humanist contemporaries, who were Humanists and nothing more, is that pure and most noble Pontiff, Pius II.; just because he, too, like Michael Angelo, and like Dante, held a perfect balance between the elements and between the traditions of his culture. And, I believe, the same thing holds good in art: Italian art was most perfect, when both mediaeval inspiration and classical tradition possessed its artists; it was this combination, which gave us the fine works of Giotto, of Nicholas and John of Pisa, of Orcagna and della Robbia and Donatello. In Michael Angelo, the classical and the mediaeval spirits were held in perfect balance, and in their fullest power: but after him, the mediaeval inspiration began to fail; and then the Italians gave us those cold, academical, dead things, which Mr. Ruskin and his followers so properly condemn, and so unjustly describe as "The Renaissance."

Slowly are we returning, from the narrowness of the eighteenth century, towards an appreciation of the Middle Age: in architecture, the word "Gothic" and the word "barbarous" are no longer used indifferently; in painting we no longer prefer those degenerate sons of Michael Angelo, the academical Italians; thirty English translations of Dante, and twenty works on him, published in this century, against one published in the eighteenth century, show how our taste in literature has changed. In the centuries, between the conversion of England and the Norman conquest; where I have shown, that there was art, and literature, and statesmanship; Milton could find nothing but "battles of kites and crows": we no longer confuse the whole mediaeval time together, and label it as the "Dark Ages;" our social reformers now look back, with longing, to the Middle Age, and to its Guilds; our art workers are anxious to restore its methods, and we ourselves have never ceased to recommend its views about the "Unity of Art." And I believe, that the time will come, when we shall again appreciate, in like manner, the great philosophers and thinkers of the Middle Age, the neglected School-men. I do not say, that we are to restore the Middle Age, or to revive it; that is neither desirable nor

possible: nor do I wish to depreciate "the Renaissance"; I desire, that a larger and a sounder view of the history of civilization may destroy that antagonism, which has been set up between them. This larger view, perhaps, will make us begin to suspect, that the "Humanists" have been admired inordinately; have been taken too much upon their own valuation, and upon the valuation of their imitators. Beyond a doubt, in this Age of vagueness and of unrest, the mediaeval thinkers have a definite and a consoling message: if they only bring us more into harmony and into sympathy with our fathers, they will visit us in the spirit and in the power of one, whose voice came crying in another wilderness; "illuminare his, qui in tenebris et in umbrâ mortis sedent; "ad dirigendos pedes nostros in viam pacis": for "the "perfection of culture is not rebellion, but peace."

ARTHUR GALTON.

TO AN UNKNOWN LADY.

The accomplished Raphael, he, whom prevalent Grace
Largely endued, with certain power to scan,
And know, the various worlds of God, and man,
That he, from art, all error might erase,
Beheld thee. Yea, within this very place,
This Umbrian valley, thou, perchance while ran
Thoughtless the moments by, didst raise those wan,
Deep, folded lids upon him, face to face.
Thou dost forget: but still in memory, he
Holds the calm features, whence, to daily flower
Breaks, from his pencil, as from Aaron's rod,
The secular image, which abides with thee
In many a secret, and devoted hour,
The face of Mary, mother of thy God.

HERBERT P. HORNE.

SEXTUS PROPERTIUS: THE THIRD ELEGY OF THE FIRST BOOK, AND THE TWELFTH ELEGY OF THE SECOND BOOK: WITH A TRANSLATION OF BOTH THESE IN ENGLISH PROSE: AND A SHORT INTRODUCTION.

The Poems of Sextus Propertius are amongst the most beautiful things in Classical Literature. The intensity, the evident sincerity, of their feeling; the richness, the suggestiveness, the subtlety, the musical charm, of their expression; the curiously modern ring alike of this feeling, and expression; give them, at any rate for some of us, a singular fascination.

I am grateful, therefore, to the Editor of the Hobby Horse for allowing me space, in which to publish two of these poems, and a translation of them. In respect of the latter, however, I feel there is needed some explanation and apology. Let me make the apology first.

Certainly, it may seem an impertinence in a man, who cannot profess to be a good Latin scholar, if, when he has made a translation for himself of a Latin writer, he proceeds to print it. What have I, then, to urge in my defence? Little else than this: the poems of Propertius, for the reasons, which I have mentioned above, do, in an extraordinary manner, appeal to me. Is it unnatural, I ask, if, like the woman in the parable, who called in her neighbours to rejoice over her treasure, I find it very hard to keep my delight to myself?

But further. So far as the sentiment of Propertius is concerned, it would seem, that any man, who feels this, has as much right, as the most learned Latin scholar has, to speak of it. So far as the style of Propertius, and the verbal criticism of the style, are concerned, of course he has by no means the same right. Yet, to mention only English works, with the help of Paley's, Professor Palmer's, and Professor Postgate's, editions of the poet, supposing such a man possesses a moderate knowledge of Latin, he may not be too conceited, if he hopes, with care and time, to arrive, generally, at the true meaning of his author: and, supposing he has any literary sense and facility, to be able to put this

meaning into an English form, which shall be at all events simple in its language, and pleasant to the ear. Now, I do not flatter myself, that the following translations are more than this: but, if they are this, I am satisfied. For, after all, it is not, in the main, for their own sake, that I publish them: it is in order to induce a few people, if that may be, to become students of Propertius himself.

I have translated these poems, as literally as I am able, into prose. I am far from saying, that prose is the only form, into which a poem should be translated; or that, on all occasions, it is the best. It is a form, however, which has its advantages; and for me, personally, its attraction. Without a doubt, in any translation you must make up your mind to lose much. This, of course, is especially true of a translation from a poet; and still more is it true, when the poet is one, whose charm largely depends on the delicacy and suggestiveness of his expressions. In the case, however, of such a poet as this; in the case, for instance, of Propertius; a literal prose translation seems able to keep better than another, what it is, I think, of most value to keep; a more or less complete record, namely, of the actual words and turns of expression, which he employs; and in the employment of which so much of the man's individuality and attractiveness are found. A verse translation must, in the nature of the case, lose these perpetually: so much so, indeed, that, in verse, you can scarcely be said to be translating your author at all; but rather to be imitating his subject, and his general treatment of it, in a fresh creation of your own. Certainly, this may have its value in reference to the original, as well as in its own beauty. Yet, however admirably finished, such a translation could not do for me exactly, what I am anxious should be done at the moment, in respect of these elegies.

Sextus Propertius was born in Umbria, not far from Perugia, about the year B.C. 50; and died before the year A.D. 2. He was a man, not of noble, but of good family; and he was highly educated. Horace and Tibullus were his contemporaries: among his friends were Virgil and Ovid. Although he was never, what is called a popular poet, we know, that the Romans themselves held his work in great admiration. The one memorable fact of his life was his love

for a lady, whom he calls Cynthia, but whose real name was Hostia. To this love he owed it, that his genius was brought to the birth. In the most literal sense is his own line true of it; more true, perhaps, than at the moment he guessed: *Cynthia prima fuit, Cynthia finis erit.* While this love endured, Propertius was a poet: when it failed; and awhile afterwards, Cynthia died; he sang no more.

I have only, further, to express here my many and sincere thanks to Professor Postgate, and to my brother, Mr. Image, of Trinity College, Cambridge, for the great kindness, with which they have spent time and care upon the revision of this attempt of mine at translating two beautiful, but difficult, poems; and upon that of the Latin text, which accompanies them. For the interpretation I have given to *humano corde*, in Elegy ii. 12, 6, I owe my thanks to another Fellow of Trinity College, Mr. Frazer; who pointed out, in connection with this difficult and disputed passage, instances, in antique gems and paintings, of Love represented as a winged figure, bearing in his hand some appropriate symbol.

PROPERTIUS. I. 3.

Qualis Thesea iacuit cedente carina
  languida desertis Gnosia litoribus;
qualis et accubuit primo Cepheia somno
  libera iam duris cotibus Andromede;
nec minus adsiduis Edonis fessa choreis
  qualis in herboso concidit Apidano:
talis visa mihi mollem spirare quietem
  Cynthia non certis nixa caput manibus;
ebria cum multo traherem vestigia Baccho,
  et quaterent sera nocte facem pueri.
hanc ego, nondum etiam sensus deperditus omnes,
  molliter inpresso conor adire toro:
et quamvis duplici correptum ardore iuberent
  hac Amor hac Liber, durus uterque deus,
subiecto leviter positam temptare lacerto,
  osculaque admota sumere et arma manu;
non tamen ausus eram dominae turbare quietem,
  'expertae metuens iurgia saevitiae:
sed sic intentis haerebam fixus ocellis,

Argus ut ignotis cornibus Inachidos.
et modo solvebam nostra de fronte corollas,
ponebamque tuis, Cynthia, temporibus ;
et modo gaudebam lapsos formare capillos ;
nunc furtiva cavis poma dabam manibus ;
omniaque ingrato largibar munera somno,
munera de prono saepe voluta sinu.
et quotiens raro duxti suspiria motu,
obstipui vano credulus auspicio,
nequa tibi insolitos portarent visa timores,
neve quis invitam cogeret esse suam.
donec diversas percurrens luna fenestras,
luna moraturis sedula luminibus,
conpositos levibus radiis patefecit ocellos.
sic ait in molli fixa toro cubitum :
tandem te nostro referens iniuria lecto
alterius clausis expulit e foribus ?
namque ubi longa meae consumpsti tempora noctis,
languidus exactis, ei mihi, sideribus ?
o utinam tales producas, inprobe, noctes,
me miseram quales semper habere iubes !
nam modo purpureo fallebam stamine somnum,
rursus et Orpheae carmine fessa lyrae ;
interdum leviter mecum deserta querebar
externo longas saepe in amore moras :
dum me iucundis lapsam sopor inpulit alis.
illa fuit lacrimis ultima cura meis.

As lay the Gnosian maid, drooping, on the deserted shores, with Theseus' vessel passing out of sight : as the daughter of Cepheus, Andromeda, now freed from the hard crags, sank into her first sleep : aye, as some Bacchante, tired with the ceaseless dances, falls prostrate amid the lush grass of Apidanus : even so did I see Cynthia, as in repose she gently drew her breath, leaning her head upon uneasy hands : what time I was dragging along my feet, unsteady with much wine ; and in the late night the slaves shook their torches. Then, not yet with faculties all lost, I make effort to approach her, gently pressing on the couch : and though, on this side Love, on that the Wine-God, both imperious deities, caught me each one in his fire, and bade me to gently place my arm

beneath, touch her lying there, and kiss her, my hand advancing for commencement of the fray; yet I had not dared disturb my lady's rest, dreading the fierce railings I knew so well; but rooted I stood with straining eyes, even as Argus, gazing on the strange horns of the child of Inachus. And now would I unbind the chaplets from my head, and place them on your brow, my Cynthia: now would I please me toying with your fallen locks: now would I set in the hollow of your hands an apple, stealthily: and all my gifts squander on a thankless sleep; gifts, that kept rolling off the downward slope of your bosom. Ah! and whenever, at times, you moved and fetched a sigh, I stood aghast, the dupe of some groundless presage: fearing, that a vision was bringing you unwonted terrors; that some wretch, despite yourself, was forcing you to be his. At length the moon, streaming through the distant casement; moon, settling with officious rays, bent on staying; opened wide with gentle beams the quieted, sweet eyes. Leaning her elbow on the soft cushion, she speaks. "At last you "are brought back to my bed by some other's insult, that "has driven you from her closed door! For where have you "spent the long hours of a night, that should have been mine, "ah! me, exhausted, and the starlight finished? Reprobate, "heaven grant you may linger through such nights, as for "ever you are bidding me to spend in wretchedness! Now "would I cheat slumber, spinning the glittering thread: "now, weary of the spinning, with Orphean lyre and song. "Sometimes, in my solitude, with low murmurs did I keep "bewailing your frequent, long delays with some strange "love: till sleep at length smote me with his pleasant wings, "and I sank to rest. Ah! but that trouble was the last, "that drew my tears."

PROPERTIUS. II. 12.

Quicumque ille fuit, puerum qui pinxit Amorem,
  nonne putas miras hunc habuisse manus?
hic primum vidit sine sensu vivere amantes,
  et levibus curis magna perire bona.
idem non frustra ventosas addidit alas,
  fecit et humano corde volare deum:
scilicet alterna quoniam iactamur in unda,
  nostraque non ullis permanet aura locis.

et merito hamatis manus est armata sagittis,
et pharetra ex humero Gnosia utroque jacet:
ante ferit quoniam, tuti quam cernimus hostem;
nec quisquam ex illo volnere sanus abit.
in me tela manent, manet et puerilis imago:
sed certe pennas perdidit ille suas:
evolat heu nostro quoniam de pectore nusquam,
adsiduusque meo sanguine bella gerit.
quid tibi iucundum est siccis habitare medullis?
si pudor est, alio traice tela tua!
intactos isto satius temptare veneno:
non ego, sed tenuis vapulat umbra mea.
quam si perdideris, quis erit qui talia cantet?
haec mea Musa levis gloria magna tua est:
qui caput, et digitos, et lumina nigra puellae,
et canat ut soleant molliter ire pedes?

Whoever the man was, that painted Love as a boy, do you not think he had a marvellous touch? He saw, first of all, that lovers live without discernment; and that in trivial passions great blessings go to ruin. Then, too, not without meaning, did he add pinions like the wind; and drew the god flying, in his hand a human heart: since, verily, are we tossed on waves, that rise and fall; and, in no spot, is the breeze, that wafts us, steadfast. And rightly is Love's hand armed with barbed arrows, while the Gnosian quiver hangs low from either shoulder. For he strikes, before ever, secure as yet, we catch sight of the foe: and from that wound not one gets sound away. With me the shafts remain; remains, too, the boy-like semblance: but, assuredly, the rogue has lost his wings. For, alas! he flies from out my breast nowhither: and unceasing are the wars he wages at the cost of my life-blood. What joy is it for you to dwell in these arid veins? If there is pity in you, hence! and at some other aim your shafts. Better to rack with your venom those yet untainted. It is not I, it is the thin shadow of myself, that feels your blows. If even that you destroy, who will there be to sing these songs of mine? This, my slight Muse, is greatly to your glory. Who to sing my darling's head, her fingers and dark eyes, and with how dainty a step her feet are wont to move?

I have said above, that a verse translation may have its value in reference to the original, as well as in its own beauty. Let me finish by quoting Elton's translation of the preceding poem, as an admirable illustration of this remark. It will be noticed, however, that Elton has not in every case followed the readings, or accepted the interpretations, which I have been led to adopt.

" Had he not hands of rare device, whoe'er
First painted Love in figure of a boy?
He saw what thoughtless beings lovers were,
Who blessings lose, whilst lightest cares employ.

" Nor added he those airy wings in vain,
And bade through human hearts the godhead fly:
For we are tost upon a wavering main;
Our gale, inconstant, veers around the sky.

" Nor, without cause, he grasps those barbed darts,
The Cretan quiver o'er his shoulder cast:
Ere we suspect a foe, he strikes our hearts;
And those inflicted wounds for ever last.

" In me are fix'd those arrows; in my breast,
But sure his wings are shorn, the boy remains:
For never takes he flight, nor knows he rest;
Still, still I feel him warring through my veins.

" In these scorch'd vitals dost thou joy to dwell?
Oh shame! to others let thy arrows flee;
Let veins untouched with all thy venom swell:
Not me thou torturest, but the shade of me.

" Destroy me—who shall then describe the fair?
This my light Muse to thee high glory brings:
When the nymph's tapering fingers, flowing hair,
And eyes of jet, and gliding feet she sings."

SELWYN IMAGE.

A NOTE, UPON CERTAIN QUALITIES IN THE WRITINGS OF MR. PATER; AS ILLUSTRATED BY HIS RECENT BOOK.

Some of those rare essays of Mr. Pater, which give to a few old numbers of our magazines a lasting value, are here gathered by their author into a book: the fourth of his laborious and perfected books. *Appreciations*, Mr. Pater calls it: *Appreciations, with an Essay on Style.* In the French tongue of our day, that word has come to mean no more than Essays or Studies; critical estimates. But to our English the word, I think, is new: and we may fancy in it a meaning something more delicate and subtile; it would seem to promise a quality of reserve, a judgment very personal, a fine tolerance towards the reader. However this be, the book has these excellences, in full measure: each essay has a certain stateliness of progression, it is sure of itself; yet, its handling of things is so gentle, that the reader finds himself confirming the author, assenting to his appeal. And here is an witness to the author's triumph, an assurance of the reader's satisfaction.

The whole book deals with literary things and men of letters; an Essay on Style, that mysterious thing! heads it with propriety. Mr. Pater has written nothing that is styleless, that is lawless: nothing, also, that is not most absolutely the work of his proper genius. And here he is telling us what style means: how it means the production of work through an harmony of excellences; on one side the liberty of power, on the other the law of restraint. Is this, asks the artist, a fine discovery of beauty? or is it a temptation disguised in beauty for the moment? Am I honouring Art, by obedience to these traditions? or dishonouring myself, in the rejection of fine chances? As the artist decides, so does he find his salvation, or determine his failure: if he decide well, his work is alive with style; he will live. But the difficulty of decision! for it requires a very casuistry to lay at rest questions of the artistic conscience: a knowledge of the ends of Art, an insight into the perplexed issues, the tangled ideas, which beset the artist's mind, and confuse his plain morality. It is a saying of

Mill: "The course of nature is not only uniform, it is also infinitely various." And just so, *forma*, the beauty of Art, is *indivisibilis, multipartita:* many ways lead to the kingdom, but they meet at last.

In perfect sympathy, then, with the great differences of successful Art, Mr. Pater has written ten essays upon literary work: these I am not called upon to examine; nor have I that right to do so, which only a practised ability confers; but I will try to say something, that may explain the effect of these essays upon an ordinary mind.

In reading Wordsworth; who has not felt an exaltation in the mind, a sense of meditative beauty, a spiritual calm? Lamb, too; who, after an while in his company, has not felt a glow of the affections, a cheerful thanksgiving going out towards the writer? But these are only sentiments; they explain nothing: it is one distinction of the critic in Mr. Pater, that he does not rest upon the expression of sentiments; that he makes us understand them, at least in the sense of his understanding. We read Wordsworth and a score of his critics with pleasure, with indiscreet emotion; we read Mr. Pater upon Wordsworth with an illumination of the intellect, a light which illuminates in Wordsworth the farthest beauty, and the last refinement. The second thoughts, or meditations, of understanding, interpret so the first thoughts, or raptures, of pleasure: point after point, refinement upon refinement, proceeds this great interpretation. And, since nothing of the mind is quite simple, this search after the final truths in Art exacts much, of all who undertake it: patience, to endure subtilties to the uttermost; reflection, to make sure of the way; sincerity, to withstand the seduction of theories. Constantly observing these careful methods, Mr. Pater does not fail to "pluck the heart" out of the "mysteries" of imaginative work: with insistence here, and with warning there, he brings home to us, he makes clear to us, what it is that charms us, or surprises, in an artist's quality. So perfect a light is "broken over" the matters in hand, that we become intimate with the artist; we become his internal and spiritual audience, the initiates of his mystery. Milton has defined, with truth, the conditions of pure criticism:

" Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate."

To " enjoy " a book, to relish its quality, confers no right to criticise it: not that alone. The true criticism is not a rapture of delight, a cry of enthusiasm; but, much more, the result of a profound and a prolonged meditation. Ours is an age of infinite talk about books: easy talk, by men trained in the school of affectation and loose feeling: let us be grateful to Mr. Pater, who can make of criticism a thing creative and illuminating; creative of new perfections, whilst it illuminates the old.

This, then, is one excellence of Mr. Pater; his intellectual hold upon things, and a second is, his intellectual presentation of them. There are some writers, reviewers, critics, doing honour, they suppose, to Mr. Pater, who speak as though he did for us, in prose, what " the idle singer of an empty day " has done in verse: they take him for a composer of charming phrases, a discoverer of curious thoughts. This is to move upon the surface of things, to deal with truths by halves. Mr. Pater is, indeed, full of such charm, he abounds in outward beauty, but to the construction of his work, to its reasoned form, they are blind. No doubt Mr. Pater does not obtrude a philosophical learning, nor parade a philosophical purpose, yet, all his work is wholly steeped in profuse thought; so orderly, as to be taken for granted; so won for literature, as to lose all harshness of the schools. There is a philosophic rigour of phraseology, a scientific precision of statement; but tempered by the saving graces of an wider comprehension, than may belong to the man of science only, or of mere metaphysics. A knowledge of Art, of history, of literature, a singular mastery over such things, it is on all hands recognized that Mr. Pater possesses; perhaps imperfect justice has been done to the way in which philosophic theories, and facts of science, and methods of logic, are taken by Mr. Pater into the service of literature. Nothing is harder than to do this; than to seize upon the "aesthetic" value, say! of " Darwinism," or of " Idealism," and to get from them their essence of life,

that quality in them which is their contribution to the mind's treasury. And here I must make one quotation from Mr. Pater's *Postscript:* "For the literary art, at all events, the problem just now is, to induce order upon the contorted, proportionless accumulation of our knowledge and experience, our science and history, our hopes and disillusion, and, in effecting this, to do consciously what has been done hitherto for the most part too unconsciously, to write our English language as the Latins wrote theirs, as the French write, as scholars should write. Appealing, as he may, to precedent in the matter, the scholar will still remember that if 'the style is the man' it is also the age: that the nineteenth century too will be found to have had its style, justified by necessity,—a style very different, alike from the baldness of an impossible 'Queen Anne' revival, and an incorrect, incondite exuberance, after the mode of Elizabeth."

Of such scholarship as he praises, Mr. Pater has set an example, bringing to bear upon his work an wealth of resource, within the possession of few, and availing himself of it, with a conception of propriety and of order, within the reach of fewer still. It was a great saying of Blake, that visionary! as we call him, "grandeur of ideas is founded on precision of ideas:" that is, time and place, conception and execution, sweetness and strength, must agree together; a complete moderation, an infallible "sanity of true genius," alone discover the right procedure. An apostle has left us his account of the construction of sanctity in the soul: *Totum corpus compactum, et connexum per omnem iunctu-ram subministrationis, secundum operationem in mensuram unius cuiusque membri, augmentum corporis facit in aedificationem sui.* A soul, thus edified, is full of sweetness and of strength, is clear, grave, and tranquil: Literature, if it be good, if it have any virtue, is composed upon no different principles. Construction gives truth, the truth of harmony, the singleness of intention, the concord of ideas: all these things are shown forth in work that has been elaborated within the mind, before it has been furnished with final graces. It is exhilarating, it is no less than inspiring, to read a page of these essays, to note how each careful word, and careful sentence, lies in its true place,

gives out its proper tone, diffuses its just influence over the neighbouring words and sentences.

Let me dwell a little upon one more excellence: upon the touching gentleness, the winning tenderness, prevalent over Mr. Pater's work. There is a terrible facility in pathos; the stroke of sentiment, the touch upon the nerves of sensibility, how easily are these effected! But in Mr. Pater's work we are ever remembering with Blake, that "a tear is an intellectual thing;" with Virgil, remembering the *lacrimae rerum*, that tears are of the nature of things, really in them. And in this way the pitifulness, the loving kindnesses, found throughout these writings, are a part of their intellectual worth: the discrowned Richard; Rossetti and Coleridge in their world of shadows; Lamb with "the whole woeful heart of things" open before him; these troubles and sorrows are as moving, as were those of *Marius*, of *Sebastian*. Moving, because revealing; revealing, each of them a little more of that "woeful heart," than our minds had already known: or, at the least, more than we had appreciated intellectually.

"On this short day of frost and sun," as that recovered *Conclusion* has it, a great experience by the way of intellectual light, or of sensuous beauty, is most desirable; singularly so, when it reaches us in the forms of Art, those perfected forms: Let us be thankful, then, to Mr. Pater; who has now placed within our reach a fresh indulgence of that desire.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

THE CENTURY GUILD.

In accordance with the lines, which have been for some time past indicated in this magazine, Messrs. Mackmurdo and Horne, architects, and the artists associated with them, are now prepared not only to design and superintend the erection of ecclesiastical and domestic buildings, but, also, to undertake decorating and furnishing of all kinds.

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Messrs. Mackmurdo & Horne, 20, Fitzroy Street, W.
From whom all further particulars may be obtained.

In drawing attention to our own work, we have added, with their permission, the names of those workers in art whose aim seems to us most nearly to accord with the chief aim of this magazine. Our list at present is necessarily limited, but with time and care we hope to remedy this defect.

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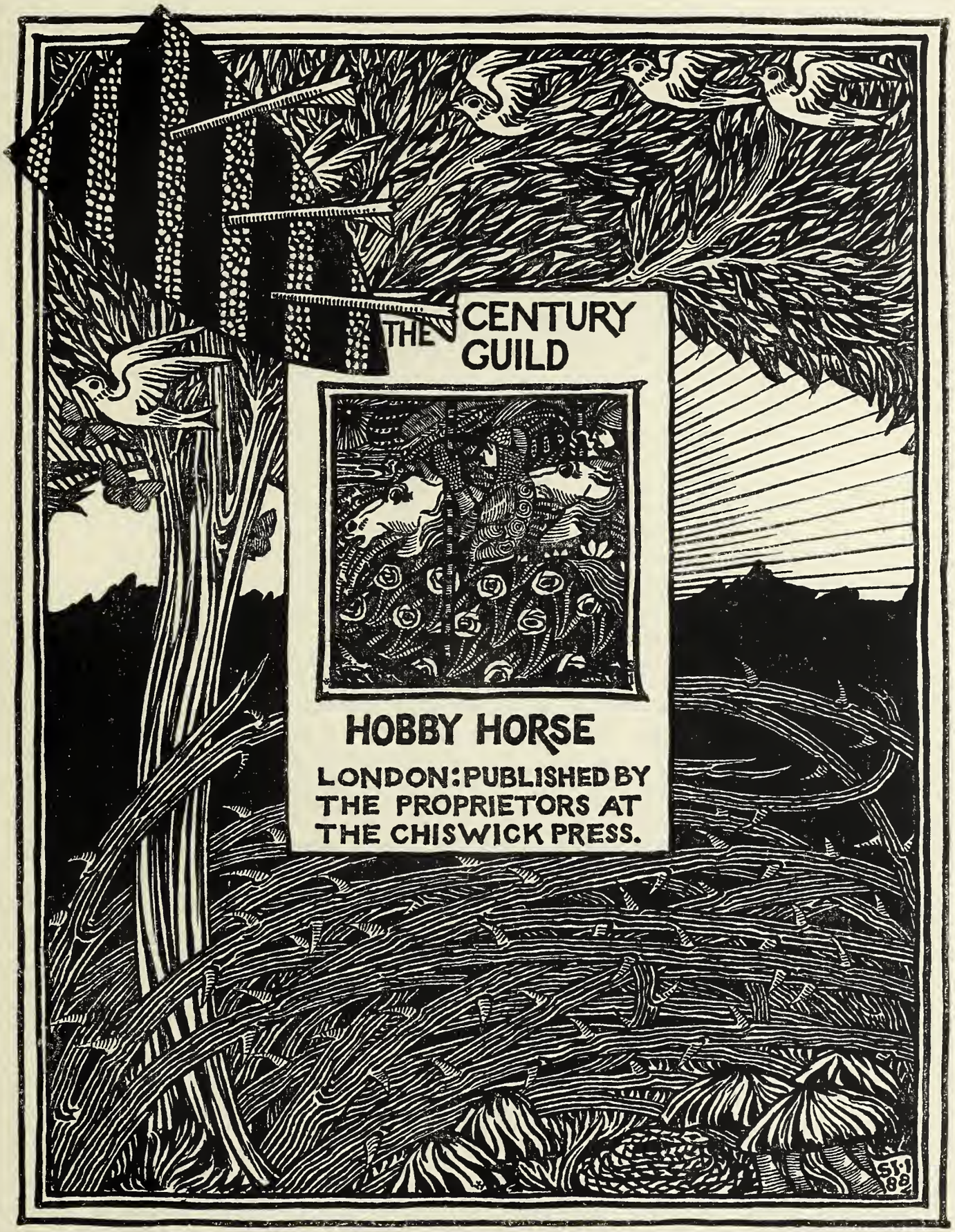

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